The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Poetry.

THE SWINGING DOOR.

I'm looking for somebody down the street,
Some one I never expect to meet.
Somebody tall and young and fair,
Who used to loiter about the stair,
And wait to accompany me over the stile,
And carry my books for me once in a while,
As we both passed out through the swinging door,
In those dear old college days of yore.

He's married and happy, and so am I,
I wouldn't meet him for the world, not I,
For fear that one or the other might trace,
By some chance word, or confusion of face,
The little secret we kept so well;
The open secret which others could tell,
Which we, in our innocence, thought to keep best,
By guarding it safe each within our own breast,
'Tis, perhaps, as well 'twas never confessed,
As we both passed out through the swinging door,
In those dear old college days of yore.

I'm looking for somebody down the street,
Some one I never expect to meet;
But somehow or other I love to look,
And all I can see is a boy with his book,
And just at his side is my own little elf,
My girl of sixteen, my Gertrude herself
They've unearthed an heirloom so pretty it seems,
To their foolish young hearts with their fanciful dreams,
To the secret which we—his father and I—
Hid away in our hearts so careful and sly,
As we both passed out through the swinging door,
In the dear old college days of yore.

Select Reading.

HOW THEY MANAGED.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Pack up your things as soon as you please, my dear," said Mr. Chesney. "We're going to move on Saturday."

Mr. and Mrs. Chesney were a matrimonial firm—there was no question about that—but Mrs. Chesney had always been a silent partner in the same.

"If I ever get married," said Elma, a bright-eyed girl of seventeen, I won't be put upon as Mamma is!" "Papa is a regular de-pot—that's what papa is!" decided Will, a tall stripling of fifteen.)

"Where, my dear?" asked Mrs. Chesney, with a little start.

"Into the country," said the family aristocrat. "I'm tired of this city business. It costs a great deal more than it comes to. I'm told you can live at half the expense in the country."

"But," grasped Mrs. Chesney, "what is to become of the children's education?"

"There's a very good school in the neighborhood not more than a mile distant," explained her husband, and exercise will do them good."

"And what are we to do for society?"

"Pshaw!" said Chesney. "I would not give a rap for people who can't be society for themselves. There'll be the housework to do, you know—nobody keeps a girl in the country—and plenty of chores about the place for Will and Spencer. I shall keep a horse, if I can get one cheap, for the station is half a mile from the place, and I've bargained for a couple of cows and some pigs."

Will and Spencer looked askance at each other.

"It'll do us good to walk a mile to school," muttered the elder; "but father must have a horse to carry him a half mile to the station."

"That's father's logic all over," observed Spencer.

While Mr. Chesney explained to his wife the various advantages which were to accrue from the promised move.

"It's unfortunate," said he, "that Elma and Rosi aren't boys. Such a lot of women folks are enough to swamp any family. Men, now, can always earn their bread. But we must try to make everybody useful in some way or other. It's so healthy, you know," added he. "And the rent won't be half of what we pay here.

"Are there any modern conveniences about the place?" timidly inquired Mrs. Chesney.

"There's a spring of excellent water about a hundred yards from the house," said her husband.

Mrs. Chesney grew pale.

"Have I got to walk a hundred yards for every drop of water I want?" said she.

"And a large rain water hogshead under the eaves of the house," added Mr. Chesney. "And I've already got a bargain in kerosene lamps. As for candles, I am given to understand that the good housekeepers the reabouts make 'em themselves in tin molds. There's nothing like economy. Now I do beg to know, Abigail," he added, irritably, "what are you looking so blackadaisical about? Do you expect to sit still and fold your hands, while I do all the work? Give me a woman for sheer natural lazi-ness!"

"I am not lazy, George," said the poor wife with a bewildered air; "but—all this is so new at first But I'll try to get accustomed to it—I'll try my very best."

Nevertheless, Rosie and Elma and their mother shed many a salt tear into the trunks and packing-boxes, on top of the woollen blankets and rugs and piles of domestic linen.

"I hate the country!" said Elma "I'd as soon go to prison and be done with it."

"Oh, Ellie, don't talk so," said Rose. "There are wild roses and robins there, just as one sees on the painted plaques in the store windows. And perhaps we can have a flower-bed and some dear little downey chickens!"

But the first sight of Mulleinstalk Farm was dispiriting in the extreme. Between rock and swamp, there was scarcely pasture for the two lean cows that Mr. Chesney had bought at "a bargain," and the hollow-backed horse, which stalked about the premises like some phantom Bucephalus.

The apple-trees in the orchard were three-quarters dead, and leaned sorrowfully away from the last winds, until their boughs touched the very ground; the fences were all gone to ruin, and the front gate was tied up with a hemp string.

"Is this home?" said Elma, with an indescribable intonation in her voice.

"We'll get things all straightened up, after awhile," said Mr. Chesney, bustling to drive away the pigs, who had broken out of their pen and were squealing dismally under the window.

Mrs. Chesney cried herself to sleep that night, and awakened the next morning with every bone instinct with shooting pains.

"And no wonder," said Spencer. "There's a foot of water in the cellar."

"We must have it drained," said Mr. Chesney, with an uneasy look; "but there's plenty of things to do first"

And now began a reign of the strictest economy. Mr. Chesney himself paid for everything with checks, and not an article came into the house or came out of it without his cognizance. New dresses were frowned upon; spring bonnets were strictly interdicted; orders were issued that old carpets should be reserved, and broken dishes repaired with cement and quicklime.

"Save, save, save! That is the chief thing," he kept repeating, briskly. "Women folks can't earn; they should try their best to save."

"It's all very well for papa," growled Will. "He goes to the city every day and sees something besides the pigs and the dead apple-trees. He orders a new suit when he needs it. Look at mamma's patched gown and Rosie's dyed bonnet-strings! Why, they can't even go to church, they are such objects? He gets his lunch at a restaurant, and we eat cold beans, and drink dandelion coffee and sage tea!"

"Boys," fluttered Rosie, "I've an idea. Mary Penn, who lives on the next farm, you know, came to see Elma and me yesterday. Papa is earning his living; we'll earn something, too."

"I should like to know how," muttered Spencer. "I might hire out somewhere as farm hand, if it wasn't for that wretched old horse, and the pigs, and the wood chopping, and—"

"Oh, but there is something that won't interfere with the chores, nor with school!" said cheerful little Rosie. "Just listen—all I ask of you is to listen!"

And the weeks grew into months, and the red leaves eddied down in little swirls from the maple trees, and "pig killing time" came, and, with the aid of a lame, one-eyed man, Mr. Chesney laid down his own stock of pork and sausages for the winter with the sense of being triumphantly economical.

The family had left off complaining now. Apparently they were resigned to their doom. But there was some things that Mr. Chesney could not explain at all.

A new rug brightened up the dismal hues of the parlor carpet; Rosie had a crimson merino dress, trimmed with black velvet bars; Elma's full jacket was edged with substantial black fur; and—grand climax of extravagance—Mrs Chesney had a new shawl, in place of the old broche garment which had been her mother's before her!

He looked over the housekeeping books with renewed vigilance; he consulted the stubs of his check book with a glance that nothing could escape.

"I—don't—know—how—they manage it," said he, scratching his nose with the lead-pencil that he always carried. "I hate mysteries, and I mean to be at the bottom of this before I'm an hour older."

He took his account book under his arm and marched into the kitchen, where his wife was clearing away the late supper.

"Abigail," said he, "how is this? I have given you no money. How have you managed to smarten yourself and the children up so? I won't be cheated by my own wife!"

Elma set down the pitcher which she was wiping, and came and stood before her father with glittering eyes and cheeks stained with crimson, like a flag of battle.

"Papa," she said, "you must not speak to mamma so. Mamma would not cheat you nor anybody else. It's money that we have earned ourselves There! Now!"

Mr. Chesney stared at the girl with incredulous eyes.

"And if you don't believe it, come and see how," said Elma, flinging down her towel. "Mary Penn showed us. She told us everything, and gave us the first farm of bees. There are fourteen hives down under the south wall. Spencer sold the honey for us; and we planted all the nice flowers that grow down in the meadow, that you said was too stony and barren even for the sheep to pasture upon; and Will dug and hoed around them after the chores were all done, and we sent boxes and bouquets of lilies and verbenas to the city every day by Mr Penn's wagon. And we gathered wild strawberries before the sun was up, and got cherries out of the old lane, and the money is all ours—every cent of it!"

"Honey, eh?" said Mr. Chesney, staring at the row of hives, for Elma had dragged him out into the November moonlight to the scene of action. "Well, I've seen these many a time, but I always s'posed they belonged to Squire Penn's folks. And flowers, and wild berries! Didn't think there was so much money in 'em. Guess I'll try the business myself next year. Queer that the women-folks should have got the start of me!"

And after that he regarded his family with more respect. The mere fact that they could earn money had elevated them immensely in his sight.

But when spring came he lost his able coadjutor.

Miss Elma incidentally announced to him one day that she was going to be married to Walter Penn the next week.

"And mamma is coming to live with us," added Elma. "She can't stand the damp house and this hard work any longer."

But Mrs. Chesney did not go to the Penn Farm. Mr. Chesney hired a stout serving-maid, and laid drain-pipes under the kitchen stoop.

If his wife really understood her business so well, it was worth while to keep her well and active, he considered.

"I couldn't well leave papa, you know," said Mrs. Chesney to Elma. "He means well, and now that Rebecca Beckel is coming here, and the kitchen is dry, we shall get along nicely. I wouldn't go back to the city for anything now."

"Nor I, either," said Elma. "And oh, mamma, I shall always love those bee hives under the holly-hocks, for it was there that Walter asked me to be his wife!"

And Mrs. Chesney tearfully kissed her daughter. She, too, had been happy once, and had her dreams.

It was to be hoped that Walter Penn was made of different metal from George Chesney.

To Elma, however, all the world was couleur de rose. Had she not the eternal talisman of Youth and Love?—*Saturday Night.*

Fat Before you Drink.

"A large proportion of intemperance in the use of stimulents," philosophized a physician in a free lecture to the Buffalo *Express*, "may be laid to the light breakfast by most people. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, and sufficient importance is not attached to it in the majority of households. After the long fast enforced between supper or late dinner and 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning, a person in good health should feel hungry; and it is at this hour of the day that the heartiest meal may be eaten with the least probability of bad results. The man who starts out in the morning after having eaten a hearty breakfast will seldom, unless suffering from chronic indigestion, experience any of the discomforts which might follow in a similar meal at any other time of day. The chances are he will also enjoy a happy frame of mind all day, whatever be his custom, he will find himself with an excellent appetite. Eating creates appetite. The very opposite results will follow the other course in this matter, and the man who has not had a good breakfast will not enjoy a good dinner. I have treated a good many cases of habitual drunkenness, and in a great many of them I have found that the evil practice of tipping was begun to satisfy a gnawing, faint sensation in the stomach in the morning, which was nothing more or less than disguised hunger."

Daniel Webster.

Senator Henry S. Foote asked Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, forty years after his great oratorical contest with Daniel Webster, in the Senate, what he thought of Mr. Wester's power as a speaker. He at once answered that he supposed him, upon the whole, to be the most consummate orator of either ancient or modern times; that his ability as a reasoner, he was confident, had never been exceeded, that his imagination was as fertile and vigorous as that of Milton or Homer; that his humor was both exquisite and abundant; that his knowledge was unlimited; that he had the most happy command of his temper at all times, and that on certain great occasions he had excelled all the speakers that had ever lived, not excepting either Demosthenes or Cicero. He then asked him what he thought of Webster's manner. He replied that it as always grand and impressive, that he had never heard him utter a word in a careless, vulgar style, that he seemed never to forget his own dignity, or to be unmindful of the character and feelings of others, and that when thoroughly excited the sublime grandeur of his thoughts and language derived great additional potency from his noble and soul moving enunciation and his few but impressive gestures.

One Society he had Forgotten

"John, I would like to invite in my friend Mrs. Smalley, this evening. Will you be able to be in?"

"No, my dear, I must attend the meeting of the Ancient order of Foresters to night."

"Well, to-morrow evening?"

"I have the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and you know——"

"What about Wednesday evening?"

"Oh, the Oddfellows meet that night, and on Thursday I have a meeting of the Knights of Labor to attend; on Friday the Royal Templars of Temperance; on Saturday there's a special meeting of the Masonic Lodge, and I couldn't miss that, and then Sunday night—let me see—what is there on Sunday night, my dear?"

"The Grand and Ancient Order of Christian Fellowship."

"Why, I had forgotten. Am I a member of that—let me see—"

"But you have forgotten another society, John, of which you were once a member."

While passions and minds are agitated, the fewer opinions we deliver before them the better.

Henry Clay in a Duel.

It may seem curious to many that the two greatest statesmen of the first half of the nineteenth century should have been induced to settle personal difficulties by exchanging cartels to fight a duel. On the Virginia banks of the Potomac, across from Washington, Henry Clay, Secretary of State, and John Randolph, Senator from Virginia, met in 1826, on account of political disagreement. The two names are inseparable on the pages of American history. They were staunch personal friends, though bitter political enemies. On the eve of the encounter, when told of the unconsciousness of the meeting of the child and wife of his opponent, the Virginian replied, with a smile, "I will do nothing on the morrow to disturb the repose or sleep of child or mother."

While arranging the preliminary details at the scene of the encounter, and before Mr. Clay took his position, the pistol of Randolph was accidentally discharged. This was very humiliating to his sense of honor, as he well knew that it would give rise to unpleasant reports by his enemies, and his reputation as a gentleman would be assailed, but Clay magnanimously came forward and said that it was an accident. When the details were finally arranged the two principals took their positions. There was a stump just behind Clay and a gravel walk behind Randolph. The seconds and attendants retired, and the word given, the reports of pistols sounded simultaneously, and Clay advanced quickly toward Randolph, exclaiming: "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds." Randolph had fired in the air, but Clay's bullet went through Randolph's coat. "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay," jocosely remarked Randolph, when he saw the rent made by the bullet. "I am glad the debt is no greater, replied Clay. They then shook hands and returned to the city the very best of friends.

The Winds of Heaven.

If the winds of heaven could become visible to us, and if from some standpoint far out in the blue we could look upon them, we should, no doubt, find some of our preconceived notions considerably modified. That they would present a spectacle sublime beyond conception goes without saying, and though no doubt wild and seemingly chaotic enough to baffle the eye of an archangel in an attempt to trace the entire system of their motions a comprehensive view would yet perhaps present more of regularity than we are accustomed to associate with the winds. No doubt the first thing that would strike the attention in such a survey would be, not the wild chaos of the aerial currents, but their orderly rhythmical motions. For instance, throughout the tropics at ordinary times there is a morning and evening ebb and flow of the air as regular and as pronounced as the ebb and flow of the ocean. All coasts there suck in a moist, refreshing breeze from the sea in the morning, and breathe out again at night. To the eye that could detect this grand inhaling and the exhaling over the whole tropical earth, and could see also the great trade winds sweeping down from the poles to the equator in majestic currents hundreds of miles wide, two mighty streams that meet in the torrid zone, flow upwards and move back in the upper atmosphere—to the eye that could discern all this and the many other regular and periodical currents, as well as the circular whirling of storms, and, possible, the circular movements of storms centres, the most impressive fact of our atmosphere movements would not be their capricious irregularity, their fitful uncertainty, but the sublime order and rhythme of the winds.

Taxes in the Millennium.

Col. Bob Ingersoll proposes that all homes shall be made free from taxation.

Henry George, Col. Bob's present teacher in politics, wants to have nothing taxed except the bare land

The Progressive Democrats, Ingersoll's and George's party, want all the land divided up, so that each man may have a home.

Supposing that all these statesmen have their way and attain their purpose, and that no taxes are put on anything but the land and all the land is put into homes, and the homes are all free from taxes, then there will be only one thing to do.

This will be to fall back on Horace Greeley's plan, and pay all the taxes out of the public treasury.

PEBBLES.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

The superiority of man to nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but a man can make a goose of himself with one.

Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.

A Western paper remarks in its financial analysis that money is so plentiful that young men are wearing pantaloons with checks on them. And when money is scarcer probably there will be drafts through them.

An emigrant, hearing the sunset gun at New York, asked a sailor "What is that?" "Why, that's the sunset!" was the reply. "Sunset!" said Pat. "And does it go down in this country with such a bang as that?"